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NOTES OF THE WEEK

"IT remains to be seen whether M. Herriot will survive his lieutenant longer than M. Poincaré outlived M. de Lasteyrie," we wrote last week. In fact, he survived him only by the inside of a week. M. Herriot, who was brought to power largely on the cry for more efficient finances, and whose tenure of power will be remembered largely for the recrudescence of old and bitter ecclesiastical controversies, fell on a financial issue on Good Friday. It looks indeed as if not the identical Ministry of M. Herriot, but one of similar complexion and similarly placed in the Chamber and Senate, would emerge from the wreckage, under the highly distinguished and sincerely idealistic leadership of M. Painlevé. We doubt, however, whether such a Ministry is likely to survive longer than M. Painlevé's previous Government, which lasted only three months; indeed, as we go to press,

comes the echo of doubts from Paris as to whether M. Painlevé will succeed in forming a Government at all. With the situation in France and Germany we deal at length in a leading article.

THE I.L.P. CONFERENCE

It is apparently fortunate for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that his followers—not always to be distinguished from his pursuers—can be distracted from the sport of chasing him by the merest allusion to the sins of Capital. A gathering that opened with some rather cruel criticism of Mr. MacDonald speedily forgot what sections of it regarded as his crimes or blunders when proposals for looting the capitalist were brought forward. To compensate the looted or not to compensate him, was the question. Its decision, as one speaker candidly avowed, must be influenced by regard for the fact that many workers are in some degree capitalists. But compensation, he exultantly explained, would be at capitalistic expense: the capitalists would be made to compensate each

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

other. We await with interest the scheme to this end which is to be worked out by the Socialist experts, noting, meanwhile, that Mr. Maxton considers capitalists to have no rights whatever.

THE DOLE

Sir Alfred Mond, who is earning the respect of all Conservatives by the acumen of his criticisms of Socialism, and whose defects of delivery no longer conceal the fact that he is in essentials one of our foremost orators, has done admirably in telling Parliament how to apply the funds squandered on the dole. The proposal is not, indeed, altogether new. Something of the sort was considered under Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition; but the scheme whereby unemployed benefits would be transformed into grants to employers in aid of wages is now much more timely. There are, of course, difficulties, but none that could not be overcome, and, so far as we can see, there is no sound alternative to the Mond policy. What other method of dealing with benefit to the unemployed offers any hope of checking the education of the masses in idleness? How else can the nation get any appreciable return for the huge sums paid out to the unemployed?

SUBVENTIONS TO WAGES

In some quarters there may be a prejudice against the Mond policy because it is reminiscent of the subventions to wages under the old Poor Law; but there is really all the difference in the world between the two systems. The old method, applied to pauper labour, detrimentally affected the average of wages, and was therefore open to very natural objection from Trade Unionists. The Mond system would throughout respect the standards of remuneration fixed by the Trade Unions. The State would neither gain nor lose in respect of the sums to be paid out, but employers, helped in wages, would be able to employ men whom at present they turn away, there would be increase in production, and the terrible demoralization of unemployment would be lessened. The Mond policy fully deserves the sympathetic consideration the Government is giving it.

UNREST IN ITALY

Few now predict the collapse of the Fascist rule in Italy within a few days or weeks, as did many observers in the last months of 1924. This does not mean, however, that the Italian position can be regarded as in any way satisfactory, or the apparent calm as reassuring. That Signor Mussolini's health is in that precarious condition which might at any moment force him to give up work is fairly certain. Even less contestable is the fact that the extremist wing of the party is now in effective control, and that the wielders of power are persons imbued with the wild notion of holding a nation in permanent subjection to a caste of supermen—self-certified as such. Such confidence as is felt abroad in the wisdom of the Fascist Government is based on the presence in it of Signor de Stefani, and against that solid statesman the voice of Ultra-Fascism rises as shrilly as against the Opposition. Meanwhile, secretly-printed leaflets are making their appearance, being passed from hand to hand as in a country under foreign occupation. It cannot be

denied that the whole position is one fraught with dangerous possibilities.

THE "FIVE POWER PACT"

The interruption of the Security negotiations by the French crisis, and also, to some extent, by the German Presidential Election, is unfortunate. British Foreign Policy is now definitely and publicly rooted in acceptance of the German "Five Power Pact" proposals. So is Italian policy, not only as defined by the shaky Fascist Government, but also as revealed by the Press, which probably represents the feelings of most thinking Italians. Unfortunately the Italian Government, for all its big talk about realizing Italy's destiny as a Great Power, plays a quite inconsiderable part in European politics, and has not once since its accession to power made Europe listen to its opinions, except in the miserable Corfu episode.

DR. BENES

Of greater importance by far to Europe is the whole-hearted acceptance of the proposals by the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Dr. Benes, who has made them the occasion for a considerable effort towards reconciliation between Prague and Berlin, externally, and between the nine million Czechoslovaks and three million Germans within the boundaries of Czechoslovakia. Dr. Benes very rightly compares the attitude of Germany towards her eastern frontiers, as reflected in the Pact proposals, with that of France towards her eastern frontiers after 1870. M. Poincaré, who has recently been denouncing these proposals in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, might well take note, since, according to his post-war utterances, he never morally accepted the frontiers in which France acquiesced in 1871 at least as freely as Germany in those forced upon her in 1919.

THAT GESTURE FROM INDIA

The Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for India have very properly refrained from precipitate action in response to the "gesture" made by Mr. Das. If that Indian politician, whose record is a very bad one, seriously wishes to co-operate with Great Britain, there is nothing to prevent him from at once beginning work with the Government of India and the Government of his own distracted Province. There is no occasion for any conference in London, and there would be no excuse for any bargain which involved departure from the policies which Lord Birkenhead and Lord Reading feel to be for the benefit of India. We must remind those who weep over a lost opportunity that the problem is not how to adjust the British Empire to the convenience of Mr. Das, but how to govern India. If, with his past and his associates, he cannot co-operate unless he is given some pretext for boasting that he has scored off the British *Raj* and made his own terms, that is his look-out.

EMPIRE SETTLEMENT SCHEME

At last it would appear, from announcements made simultaneously at Westminster and in Australia, that agreement has been reached on an Empire Settlement Scheme of considerable dimensions. Two difficulties have delayed the negotiations that have for some time past been in progress

between the Imperial and the Commonwealth Governments, the resistance of the Australian Labour Party to any scheme which might have the effect of flooding the labour market and the opposition of the farmers, who failed to see why Australian money should be expended in providing farms for newcomers while their own sons were left out in the cold. Whether or not these objections had any real foundation is beside the point. They had to be removed, and this has now been done by providing that the monies raised shall be expended in developing the rural districts, including the construction of roads, electrical undertakings, and any and every kind of work essential to, and connected with, the settlement of rural areas, and also that half the farms made available under the scheme shall be reserved for Australians.

LOANS

Loans to the amount of £34,000,000 are to be raised by the Commonwealth Government and issued to the State Government at a low rate of interest, the procedure being necessary as the States own the land. The Imperial contribution is to be £130,000 for every principal sum of £750,000 issued to a State Government, and the condition is attached that this subscription is dependent on the "satisfactory" settlement of 10,000 assisted emigrants in the State concerned within a period of ten years from the present date. In all 450,000 British emigrants will benefit by the scheme, including 34,000 families of five persons each. We congratulate the Governments concerned on a satisfactory conclusion of these difficulties, and trust that a similar agreement will be entered into with Canada, and one of smaller dimensions perhaps with New Zealand. At any rate it is satisfactory to note that a real beginning has now been made to give effect to the spirit, as well as the letter, of the Empire Settlement Act.

PROTECTION AND THE DOMINIONS

The controversy in Australia over the shipping contract is assuming somewhat embarrassing proportions. The Protectionist journals have made common cause with Labour in opposing Mr. Bruce's policy of placing the contracts for the two new cruisers in Great Britain, apparently ignoring altogether the questions of cost and efficiency. No one who knows Mr. Bruce could possibly accuse him of not considering Australia's interests, and we cannot help thinking that these outbursts against the policy he has pursued are playing into the hands of the opponents of Capitalism and the advocates of measures that find favour with the extremists. They are much to be regretted, both in the cause of Imperial unity and the ethics of Imperial preference.

BOLSHEVIZING BRITISH TRADE UNIONS

The negotiations between the Russian and British Trade Union delegates have developed in precisely the direction we anticipated. The meeting, for which there was no legitimate excuse since the Russians knew the terms of Amsterdam and had merely to accept or reject them, was ostensibly for the discussion of methods whereby Moscow and Amsterdam could be reconciled.

What it has ended in is the establishment of an Anglo-Russian Trade Unionist advisory council. The mingled simplicity and perversity of the eleven British representatives have resulted in British Trade Unionism being drawn into an *entente* with Russian Communism. Unless the sane rank-and-file of our Trade Unionists exert themselves promptly, the *entente* will become an alliance, and one as hostile to the respectable Trade Unionism represented by Amsterdam as to Capitalism itself.

THE R.33

A speedy justification of our warning last week against over-optimism concerning airship progress has been provided by the mishap to the R.33, which in the gale on Thursday broke away from her mooring-mast at Pulham, ripped her nose, and as we write is adrift over Holland. We trust that ere these words are read she will have ridden out the storm and been piloted back to safety; but the incident is a sharp object-lesson of the simple fact that the reconditioning of an old airship for experimental purposes is not the same thing as the successful completion and satisfactory trials of a new one. Now, almost before the experiments have begun, they are endangered by this mishap, which may yet turn into a tragedy. If the R.33 breaks away from her moorings in rough weather, what is to prevent her successors from doing likewise? Before we think about a regular airship service to India, we must evolve an efficient mooring-mast for all weathers. And if the R.33 indeed perishes, with what will the experiment be continued?

THE LUCK OF THE RAILS

Perhaps a railway gets the luck it deserves. Certainly the Southern Railway has astonishingly bad luck. What could have been more unlucky, for example, than the breakdown on the opening day of the new electric extension—April 1? And now must be added the priceless story of the train that lost its way last Tuesday and went to Chislehurst by way of Redhill and Tonbridge, like Mr. Chesterton's rolling English drunkard. Really, there is no need for the Southern to advertise: it is getting, free, gratis, and for nothing, all and more than all the publicity it can desire. But not, we think, more than it deserves.

JOHN SARGENT

The death of John Sargent removes from our midst a warm personality and a painter of genius. So many tributes to the memory of the man and the artist have filled the Press that it is difficult for us to find fresh words in which to appraise his merit. Fashions in painting change, reputations wax and wane, but Sargent is a name that is assured of immortality. As a portrait painter he had not the capacity of a John for divining behind the eye of the sitter, for exposing the soul on canvas. But he could be ruthless at times, and some of his portraits are not sparing in delineation. The quiet bearing of the man and his shyness of publicity in an age blatant with self-advertisement enhanced rather than diminished his predominance in a world of lesser, and generally less modest, mortals.

OÙ VA LA FRANCE, OÙ VA L'EUROPE?

A FEW hours after our last issue appeared, two political events of the highest importance were reported from Paris and Berlin, respectively. In Paris the Herriot Government, already shaken to its foundations by the resignation of the Finance Minister, tottered to the ground. In Berlin the German Nationalist Party exultingly announced the willingness of Marshal von Hindenburg to become the nominee of the United Right Parties for the second poll of the German Presidential Election. Britain is not directly concerned with the internal politics of either of her great neighbours, but these two events, of measureless importance for the prospects of peace and prosperity in the Europe of which we cannot help forming a part, demand our very serious attention. "*Où va la France, où va l'Europe?*" asked Mr. Caillaux on the title page of a famous essay, and that is our question to-day, for it is in France's power, more than in that of any other nation, to determine Europe's immediate and ultimate destiny. But if we seek to discover whither France is going to lead Europe, we are at once confronted with the closely allied question of whither Germany is going to lead France.

A few Frenchmen of the Poincaré type, and a few Poles of the same stamp, among whom we feel happily entitled not to number the present Foreign Minister, probably welcomed the news of the aged Marshal's candidature. Almost everybody else in Europe, alive to the perils in the path of European civilization, must have deplored it. Not that Europe nourishes any peculiar animosity against the old warrior. Englishmen can, indeed, hardly be asked to give a rousing welcome to one for long closely identified with projects for bringing our history as a powerful and prosperous nation to an abrupt end. But if we make an effort to look upon him with the serene gaze of the historian writing in A.D. 2000 we may well discover in him redeeming, if not endearing, qualities. It is not this narrow, weary old man whom Europe fears, but the use which may be made of him by the people who have cheated him of the well-deserved and hitherto wisely employed leisure with which he ought to end a strenuous life. And if the fear of a re-militarized Germany lies heavily upon Europe, even more perilous is the well-nigh certain prospect that real dangers will appear magnified in the eyes of France. Already the fact that Herr Stresemann and his followers, after strenuously opposing the candidature of Hindenburg, have given a reluctant assent to it, has given the French Press an excuse for declaring that the same German Ministers who have advanced the Five Power Pact as a solution to the Security Problem of France are committed to the restoration of a régime whose chief aim would be to "roll France in mud and blood." That Dr. Stresemann and Dr. Luther have, in fact, assented only with deep misgivings and a smarting sense of defeat, is true. They did so in order to preserve the existence of a Government which has earned the respect of Europe. One may question whether they would not have been better advised to risk the

collapse of that Government by holding out to the end.

In our disappointment at the folly of Hindenburg's candidature, we must not overlook one feature in the position—the unlikelihood that he will come successfully out of the elections. In the first poll fifteen million votes were given to candidates who now support the candidature of Dr. Marx. Only eleven millions were given to Dr. Jarres and General Ludendorff, all of which will presumably go to Marshal Hindenburg. The million votes given to the Bavarian Catholic candidate may largely go to the Marshal, although the other candidate is a co-religionist. The peril lies in the possible attraction to the great name of Hindenburg of some of the twelve million voters who abstained at the last poll. In such a case others will no doubt be spurred by his candidature to vote against him, but such negative enthusiasm is less easy to arouse than positive efforts on behalf of a candidate with the halo of military prestige on his brow.

We return to the concurrent happenings in France. The French political system moves cumbrously and, even for most Frenchmen, unintelligibly. Ministries sometimes collapse, only to be succeeded by others with identical programmes. Alternatively, there are times when an almost identical Ministry returns with a changed programme. The immediate cause of M. Herriot's collapse was the revelation that the French Treasury had extricated itself from crises occasioned by the growing inclination of bondholders to have their loans reimbursed instead of renewed by forcing the Bank of France to expand its note issue beyond the legal limit, and to keep the ugly phenomenon secret. Other Ministries had resorted to dubious expedients in like circumstances, but never had the letter of the law, or the dictates of financial probity, been quite so flagrantly transgressed. The *Temps*, however, warns us not to fix our attention too closely upon the financial issue, to the exclusion of "considerations of a moral order," which have contributed to the crisis. The "considerations" to which the *Temps* darkly refers are unmistakably the alleged dissatisfaction of the French nation with a policy of excessive conciliation and concession towards Germany, and, it must be added, towards this country in its capacity of principal advocate of a policy based on the conception of European solidarity. As we write it seems that M. Painlevé may form a Government in Paris. It is not from him that we have to expect anything but the most enlightened sympathy with such a policy. But how long can he last? Who will follow him? There are those who see already in the prospect of a succession of feeble Governments favourable ground for sowing the seeds of a Fascist France, wholly reliant upon her soldiers and her armaments, and those of her Allies, for the "Security" which she so sorely needs. We will not be so pessimistic as to endorse these prophecies: we can only pray that a triumph of the Candidate for Peace in the German Election of April 26 may give France further time to pause and consider the world situation from a wider and more generous standpoint than that of MM. Poincaré and Millerand.

WHO IS HOLDING UP EMPIRE WIRELESS?

SOMEWHERE about the middle of 1921, Lord Burnham, heading an important Imperial Press Deputation to the then Colonial Secretary, felt obliged to remark that the General Post Office took a narrow, "one-man-shop" view of the question of an Empire wireless chain. Very much has happened since then, but the attitude of the Post Office seems to be unaffected by either lapse of time or changes in the Postmaster-Generalship. To some extent this may be attributed to the reluctance with which our civil servants, whatever the department in which they serve, adopt new-fangled schemes pressed on them from without. But it is far more due to the attitude of one particular permanent official, who seems incapable of realizing that almost everyone here and in the Dominions and India with a sense of the importance of inter-Empire communications is exasperated by the delays, the explanations which explain nothing, the assurances that comfort nobody, elicited from the department in defence of years of dilly-dally. Now, after four years, Lord Burnham and his colleagues are awaiting a full reply to some questions about Empire wireless, framed by them a fortnight ago, but in substance much the same as those they more hopefully put in 1921.

No doubt something has been done, something is doing, and at long last the Empire will be linked up by wireless. But it is extraordinarily difficult to ascertain at any given time what progress has been made and why it has not been more rapid. To investigate Empire wireless is to walk into a fog. Yet there is not the least reason why the man in the street should not be kept acquainted with what is being done to bring the Empire to that condition of being linked by wireless which it should have attained years ago. Why on earth should the minister or the department have to be badgered before we can learn when the new station at Rugby, for instance, will be in operation, what communication facilities between England and the Dominions it will provide, what charges will be made for transmission of ordinary and Press messages? Why cannot we be told at once when the beam or short wave stations are likely to be working? Why cannot we know for the asking or without it what is being done to secure common action by the Dominions and India in regard to all wireless questions?

It concerns the public here and overseas to know these things. The question of wireless has high political as well as commercial importance. It touches the dignity of the Empire to remember that, during a very critical stage of the war, the news of certain important events reached India first from German sources, and that at times even now the public opinion of some of the Dominions and Crown Colonies has to be formed on information mainly or wholly foreign in origin. It is a danger as well as a nuisance that certain of the cable routes, in the absence of the relief which highly developed wireless services would give, are so congested with messages that communications not paid for at the high rates, which are prohibitive, take four to six days. Five years ago, France was

in a position to communicate direct with her sufficiently scattered Colonial possessions from Bordeaux, while we British were still discussing how to establish indirect communication with immensely important portions of the Empire. We are still muddling away at matters which should have been settled almost immediately after the end of the war, and the criticism which would stimulate Post Office activity is handicapped by the difficulty of discovering the rate of progress and the real reasons for delay.

On the obvious arguments for an adequate and efficient wireless service all over the Empire we need not dwell. It is plainly one of the commercial needs of the Empire. But, as Imperialists and as journalists, we feel we must emphasize the political necessity. As Mr. Churchill, when at the Colonial Office, admirably said, the best British propaganda is use and want: "What people take in with their morning milk, what they receive as part of the atmosphere they breathe, makes opinion." It is perfectly useless to look for reciprocal understanding between the units of the Empire as the result of the spasmodic presentation of startling new events and personalities. It is only when every part of the Empire constantly and almost unconsciously receives impressions of the daily life of every other, that the events and the personalities will be seen in perspective and understood in all their significance. The basis of understanding must be laid little by little, and even by trivialities, before any reliance can be placed on understanding in a crisis. The cables cannot suffice for the work that has to be done by statesmen, by journalists, by business men, and by those who, taken less seriously, are perhaps not less effective in their work for Imperial unity. A complete system of wireless services is needed. It is very clear that it will not be obtained by leaving the Post Office to do what seems good in its eyes. It is also evident that criticism of the Post Office cannot be very helpful so long as the inquirer is either denied information or put off with vague assurances that all is going forward quite as rapidly as possible. The air must be cleared of all the fog. Information must be readily forthcoming. There must also be a frank admission that criticism is not merely legitimate but can only be inspired by public spirit. Finally, there must be, whether through a body representative of the whole Empire, or through some system of frequent and practical conferences, a serious endeavour to co-ordinate effort throughout the Empire in full view of the peoples of the Empire. This matter of Imperial wireless must cease to be an official mystery, every inquiry into which wounds the tender pride of officials.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES (Leicester Square). Caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm. On Saturday, April 18, and subsequently.
THE XXI GALLERY (Durham House Street, Adelphi, W.C.2). Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of Lithographs. On Monday, April 20, and subsequently.

THEATRES.

APOLLO THEATRE. Fellowship of Players in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' On Sunday, April 19.
R.A.D.A. THEATRE. R.A.D.A. Players in 'The Nature of the Evidence.' On Sunday, April 19.
AMBASSADORS THEATRE. 'The Torchbearers.' On Monday, April 20.
GLOBE THEATRE. 'Fallen Angels.' On Tuesday, April 21.
KINGSWAY THEATRE. 'Cæsar and Cleopatra.' On Tuesday, April 21.

THE LESSONS OF THE FRENCH CRISIS

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

Paris, Thursday, April 16

IT seemed as if the fall of M. Herriot were sure to mean a conflict between the two French Chambers. Most of the organs of the Left, especially *L'Œuvre*—which is being bought by M. Caillaux—and *Le Quotidien*, emphasized this point of view, spoke of the Senate as the "rebellious Senate," and were in favour of a decisive battle against it. Many people of the opposite opinion also thought that this was a unique chance to bring about a dissolution of the Chamber (legal the moment the President of the Republic and the Senate agree), and to start on a broad remodelling, extending even to a partial revision of the Constitution (Millerand's idea). But so far all the events have pointed the other way, that is to say, the efforts are in the direction of a reconciliation between the two assemblies on a platform more agreeable to the Radical-Socialist Cartel than to the Conservative section of the Senate.

In the first place, it was striking to see M. Doumergue—prior to any consultation—offer the Premiership to M. Painlevé, that is to say, a man even more closely bound with the Socialists than M. Herriot himself. M. Painlevé surprised everybody by his clear-sighted answer, that "he would be sure, in a very short time, to encounter the same difficulties which caused M. Herriot's defeat." In the second place, M. Briand, who was next entrusted with the mission of forming a Cabinet, assumed the same attitude as the President. Of course, M. Briand is technically a man of the Left. M. Herriot surprised me greatly by saying a year ago, in *Foreign Affairs*, that M. Briand is more on the Left than he is himself, for every Frenchman knows that it is not so. But M. Briand, owing perhaps to the everlasting goading of the *Action Française*, has retreated to his former position, and only differs from the average Radical in his constant support of the Embassy to the Vatican. His way of solving the political problems before him has been more at one with the principles of the Briand of 1900 than with those of the personal friend of the Nuncio and the guest of Countess Greffulhe.

If M. Poincaré, whose speech in the Senate completed M. Herriot's defeat, had been asked to form a Cabinet, his idea would have been to ignore the 106 Socialists in the Chamber and to obtain a majority there by uniting the 180 Deputies, survivors of the defunct Bloc National, with the Centre and with the section of the Radicals called the "patriotic Radicals." Such a majority would not be very strong—some thirty or forty Deputies—but it would correspond very nearly to the majority in the Senate, and government would be normal. M. Briand adopted a different method. He appealed to the Cartel, insisted, exactly as M. Herriot did in June, 1924, on the Socialists taking office in the Cabinet, and even postponed his decision till the Council of the Socialist Party made up their minds about participation or non-participation in the Government. The Cartel consists of four groups, but only the reddest-

combed one was treated with that distinction. So M. Briand's initial endeavour was to please that very section in the French Parliament whose support created the mistrust in the country which ultimately thickened around M. Herriot and caused his fall.

This is not all. M. Loucheur, wealthy M. Loucheur—*Tout-en-Or*, his enemies nickname him—M. Loucheur, who has been for years the greatest financial success in France, but who has also been, since M. Briand's failure at Cannes, an undisguised candidate for the Premiership, has been careful to give public expression to his ideas on the situation. He is a daring financier—whether his own money or the public funds are at issue—and he has aired plans not only for tiding the Treasury over its present difficulties, but for extinguishing the whole debt within thirty years. His methods for accomplishing such a result are not definite enough as yet to be discussed, but they cannot but be both imaginative and drastic, and, as such, they are likely to please the Socialists. Besides, M. Loucheur has openly said that he could not conceive of any policy that did not take into account the will of the electorate as expressed on May 11, 1924.

To sum up, all the ideas recently expressed have been what ought to be called Radical ideas, and the tendency of the new Government will be to seek the support of the Radicals in the Senate and, if possible, to make use of the Municipal Elections, on May 3, to make the Senate more Radical than it is. Altogether there has been nothing but pure politics in the recent developments.

MAIDEN SPEECHES

By A. A. B.

THE Easter recess, being midway in the first session of a new House of Commons, has been seized by gallery correspondents to review the new recruits, and to spot those who carry the marshal's baton in their knapsack. It is a futile attempt. The saying that the onlookers see most of the game is not true of the gallery and the floor of the House. It is not that the gentlemen who sit aloft are not good judges of oratory. The reporters know perfectly well the difference between good and bad speaking. But the reason they so often fail to select winners is that good speaking is only one of the factors of success in the House of Commons.

There are three elements of value in every speech: What is said; how it is said; and who says it. The undergraduates at the Union, and the audience at a big meeting in Lancashire or Yorkshire, are very good judges, like the reporters, of rhetoric and wit and argumentation. No preparation can be too careful for those audiences, because young men and artisans try a speech upon its intellectual merits alone. It is nothing to them who the speaker is. But in the House of Commons the question, Who is he? is quite as important as, How did he speak? As to what is said, of course an announcement of official policy is listened to with breathless attention, be the Minister what he may, a stammering mediocrity or a glib ignoramus. Apart from Government bench disclosures, the matter of political speeches is common to all. So that of

the three questions, what is said, how it is said, and who says it, I think the last the most important in the House of Commons.

The House of Commons is a queer place. To borrow an old wheeze, "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust." There is a corporate feeling or opinion in the House, to be found in no other body of a similar size, which is applied to the judgment of individuals quite independently of party lines. When a new Member is called by the Speaker, there is just that slight flutter of curiosity which is excited by an introduction to a stranger. Then everybody begins to ask: Who is he? Why is he? What is he? There is a rustling of the little books of reference to find out whether the new man is a lawyer, or a journalist, or a squire, or a business man, or the son of somebody, or whether he represents some distinct interest. In my opinion, formed on some observation, a maiden speech is of no consequence at all. If it is a success, it is talked of for a couple of days and then forgotten, by the House, I mean, for the Press tries to keep up the interest over the week-end. If it is not a success, that is, indifferent or bad, it is forgotten at once, and does the Member no harm. Except in the matter of head-gear, I don't believe the House of Commons has changed much in a century, and therefore I shall quote a stanza from 'Don Juan,' because it exactly expresses what I mean about maiden speeches. Byron is enumerating the individuals who make up a fashionable country-house party:

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had delivered well a very set
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
Upon debate; the papers echoed yet
With his debut, which made a strong impression
And ranked with what is every day displayed—
"The best first speech that ever yet was made."

That is just it. Who has not heard the old Member declare that "Brown's speech was the best thing he had ever heard: it reminded him of Gladstone, etc., etc." As a matter of fact, the only maiden speech that is remembered is Disraeli's because it was a failure. One hears sometimes of "F. E.'s" maiden success in 1906, but the circumstances were peculiar. The Tory Party was downhearted, or rather, quite crushed by its annihilation at the polls. Balfour and Chamberlain were, I think, both absent from the House. From a party thus abashed, spiritless, and leaderless, there arose a tall, good-looking young man, with sleek black hair, of the name of Smith, who proceeded, in musical, easy tones, to mock, smash, and pulverize the bumptious conqueror. The effect was certainly great, and secured for the budding barrister the invitation from Mr. Balfour to sit on the front Opposition bench, and a Privy Councillorship on the coronation three years later. That maiden speech certainly accelerated the rapid rise of Lord Birkenhead, and proves that the opportune in a public assembly is more successful than the most deliberate eloquence. But it is dangerous to draw example from an exceptional combination of circumstances.

Who ever heard of the maiden speeches of Messrs. Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Baldwin, or Winston Churchill? The last named, in view of the fact that he was his father's son, undoubtedly had his way prepared for him. But the others,

who were "not born," spent long years in stealing their way into the heart of the House, which doesn't like to be taken by surprise. Bonar Law was fifteen years in a subordinate and unobserved position, until the sudden retirement of Mr. Balfour and the unexpected rivalry of Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain gave him the opening, which he seized. Mr. Baldwin certainly owed nothing to his first appearance on the floor, for he passed nine years as an unnoticed mediocrity, and Bonar Law's sudden death in '23 was the accident which lifted a man whom nine people out of ten had never heard of into the position of Prime Minister. During the reign of Mr. Lloyd George abnormal things were done, for the times were not normal. The Prime Minister of the Coalition flung peerages and Cabinet offices about with royal suddenness. And so it came about that Sir Robert Horne became President of the Board of Trade, Minister of Labour, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the three years following his first election to Parliament in 1918. But that was not because he made "the best first speech that ever yet was heard," but because he happened to hit the fancy of Mr. Lloyd George.

Although, with the exception of Lord Birkenhead, I cannot recall any politician who was made by his maiden speech, I do remember two gentlemen who were marred by them. They were on opposite sides of the House, and so much hostility did their maiden orations arouse that the one did not seek re-election, and the other, though he remained in Parliament a great many years, was never thought of for the most minor appointment. Yet they were both men of conspicuous ability, and are doing distinguished public work outside Parliament at this hour. The reason why the House refused to listen to them was not because they stumbled, forgot their words, or gave other signs of stage-fright, but because they were too sure of themselves, and committed the unpardonable offence of exulting over the electoral defeats of individual opponents. One may say what one likes about party misfortunes; but to chuckle over Harcourt's extrusion from Derby or Balfour's loss of his seat at Manchester was a sin against the Freemasonry of the House of Commons.

The new Member, if he is wise, will be in no hurry to lose his Parliamentary virginity. He will wait until he knows and is known by as many of his brother members as possible, particularly of the party opposed to his own. The most successful speeches are those which put together what other fellows are saying in the lobbies and smoking-rooms, and this requires time to pick up. Nor will our new Member be discouraged if his first claim on the attention of his colleagues is badly delivered or ignored. The most difficult thing of all is to get accustomed to the *Va-et-vient*, to Members going in and out of the chamber, or talking in your vicinity, while you are addressing the Chair. My particular friends used to come and sit behind or below me, and carry on intimate and vivacious conversations the while I was pouring my eloquence into the ear of the Speaker. Nothing but practice will harden you to this annoyance. I think rather the worse than the better of a man who has made a splash with his maiden speech. For it argues either immeasurable conceit, or ignorance of the difficulty of his task.

"MAX'S" CARICATURES

BY BOHUN LYNCH

THE first impression that I received in that innermost of the Leicester Galleries, where Mr. Max Beerbohm's biennial exhibition of caricatures opened to-day, was of a charming withdrawing room, the walls of which are decorated with patterns of delightful colour. And the serene beauty of these patterns, at a distance, gives no hint of the formidable comment and cultivated ferocity of some of the individual drawings. Is beauty too portentous a word to be used in relation to these caricatures? Not a bit. As an artist of distinction, as a maker of sensitively imagined designs, "Max" goes from strength to strength. The graces of his technique, as apart from his faculty for pure caricature (which from other hands can be good but without grace), have grown so that nearly every drawing in the present exhibition is an abiding pleasure to the eye both before and after its virtues as a satire have been perceived. There is upon one wall a series of drawings which illustrate the observations made by nineteen individuals, split, for the purposes of satire, into the Young and the Old Self. I am tempted to supply a twentieth, in which the Old Self says to the Young: "We-ell—I don't know, mind you—" and will proceed, in language which I will not presume further to counterfeit, to point out that there is, so to put it, a blood relationship between the young man who made simple caricatures for "Pick-me-up" and the still young mind and hand that make elaborate caricatures to-day. The young man has developed, he has (how one hated to hear this when oneself was young!) "improved"; he is now less pre-occupied with physical exaggeration than with the persuasions of experience, with ironic footnotes to recent history; and perhaps, most of all, his concern is to enchant the eye.

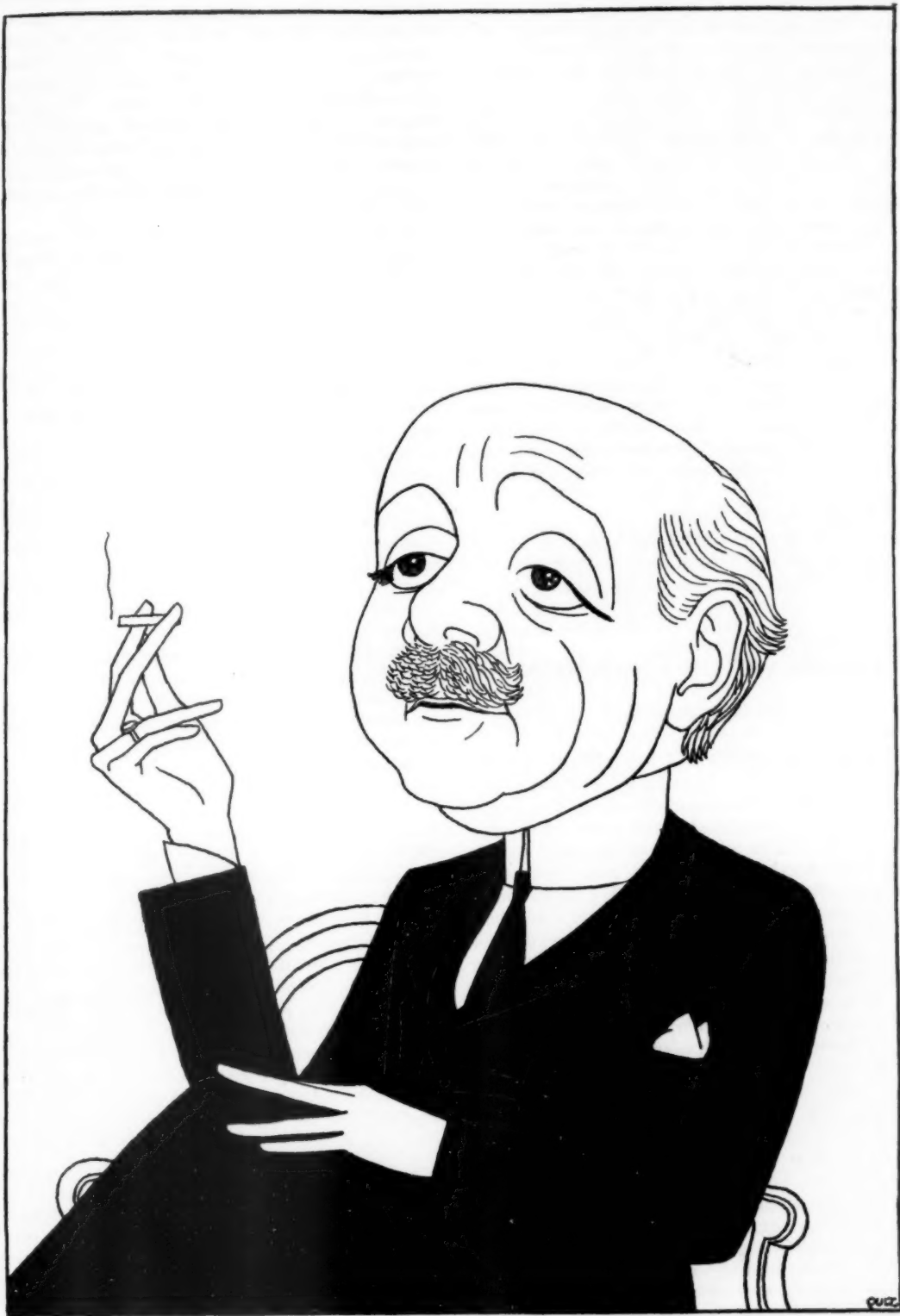
In the exhibition of 1921 "Max" showed that he was beginning to abandon wild exaggeration for a delicate and suggestive portraiture; two years ago his use of water-colour excited attention on its own account, though it did not detract any from the various other interests involved. Now we see that practice has brought the artist much farther along the road to perfection, both in the sense and employment of colour and in power of composition.

Look across the room at the drawing called 'Things in General.' (The Principle of Good says: "How is it that you always seem to get the best of it?"—to which the Principle of Evil replies: "Because I'm *active*, my dear!") But for the moment never mind the words, or the point, or the comfortable rotundities of Good—you can enjoy these separately later on—see now only that flying derisive figure against the blue sky, the draperies afloat; watch the speed of that evil active stride. Or see Byron (fatter than he wanted to be), pleased with the Dean of Westminster for not setting him to keep company with "that damned old noodle, Wordsworth."

I find it extraordinarily difficult to decide whether I like "Max" best when he is gently ironic, harshly ironic, or angrily ironic. We used not, at one time, to associate him with deep loves

and hates, but that, perhaps, was because we had not the gumption to read between those shy, wide-set lines of his. (For a moment I was thinking of his writing, but the same thing applies to his other "arm"; indeed, the writing and the drawing in his case *are* the same thing.) I look at 'Mr. Walter de la Mare gaining inspiration for an eerie and lovely story,' and realize how gentle and sympathetic "Max" can be. I turn to that 'Miniature design for a colossal fresco commemorating the International Advertising Convention (Wembley, July, 1924) and the truly wondrous torrents of cant and bunkum that were outpoured from it,' and all that is (very righteously and properly) malicious in me shouts Hurrah! And, thirdly, I go and have yet another look at 'Civilization and the Industrial System.' (He: "No, my dear, you may've ceased to love me, but you took me for better or wuss in younger and 'appier days, and there'll be no getting away for you from me, ever.") The thing is, in a way of speaking, funny, and I laugh at it, though I laugh with bitterness. Prospectively, I hope it is not true; greatly I fear that it is. But in his dealing with the 'Industrial System' "Max" is angry, and his hatred and disgust are explicit. Heaven knows that he does not love Communists (you will see what I mean when you have gone half-way round the room), but for the system which (presumably?) is responsible for Communism, and all the most loathly phenomena of our age, he has reserved the most vehement indictment I have ever seen from his pencil. I can't shout Hurrah at that drawing—it is too serious a matter. I regard the bestial creature so horribly—and oh! I fear, so permanently—linked with the chastity and refinement of 'Civilization,' and I say: Someone has at last found the courage and skill to put down honestly, with no sentimental mitigations, exactly what you and I, persons of taste and quiet pursuits and cultivated appreciations—what you and I (but not everybody, mark you) find most alarming, most hateful, most unclean in our every day. Look well at this unspeakable thing: he is appallingly gross, but dreadfully strong; he has no brain to speak of, but his minute eyes are cunning; he has no ears at all; his neck comes thickly down in a vilely outward curve from the back of his head to his huge misshapen shoulders; from his brute's mouth one curving fang sticks forth; he is ablaze with diamonds, and he is blowing his cigar smoke into the lady's face. Look well at him and hate him, and realize that in making him "Max" has leaped from his customary enchantments and delights like a flame. Nevertheless, I would not dispense with my delighted enchantment for anything.

The only serious complaint heard in regard to the last exhibition of "Max's" caricatures concerned his long foreign residence, by which he had lost the opportunity of observing the changes in the faces and figures of his potential victims. That complaint only finds justification now in the "general" drawings or typifications in which no individual appears: the individuals, I think, must have been seen again. And why should not a caricaturist from time to time leave entertaining persons for entertaining types? Besides, certain matters which assuredly need to be touched upon must not be illustrated with caricatures of actual



Dramatis Personæ. No. 147.

By 'Quiz.'

MR. MAX BEERBOHM

people: were they so illustrated, an amusing or a necessary comment would become a mere libel. There is a good instance in the young woman who talks a kind—not a much-exaggerated kind—of perky Billingsgate to the languid young man whose recurring adjective is also rendered by a —. There is the young working man standing before the picture of an obvious noble, and saying: "Now, that's the sort of class-consciousness I'd like ter have!" And others I have already mentioned. But it is those Young and Old Selves that give most pleasure with amusement—the young Kipling bursting to tell the belauded elder the latest story about Mrs. Hawksbee; Professor Rothenstein, no less "dynamic" than now; Mr. Baring reading his reminiscences to the small self in bed before he "goes to sleepy-bye"; while of the Old, the Young Self of Mr. George Moore asks: "And have there been any painters since Manet?" "None," replies the Old. "Have there been any composers since Wagner?" "None." "Any novelists since Balzac?" "One." Mr. William Nicholson points to the Beggarstaff Brothers—his own head and Mr. James Pryde's emerging from one body. "Who were that?" he asks. "Who was those?" puts in Mr. Pryde.

I am shy of saying what I have said on several successive occasions before, but—this is the best show that "Max" has yet given us.

THE FEAST OF UNREASON

BY IVOR BROWN

LUIGI PIRANDELLO has already become "a name" in the English theatre and a subject for polite conversation among the people who like to be a little ahead of the news. Very few people can have seen anything of his acted in this country, but another volume has just been added to the published translations,* and I shall charitably suppose that those who murmur of Pirandello in such hushed, knowledgable, and reverential tones as humbler folk reserve for the winner of the coming Derby have paid their author the compliment of a careful and complete book-learning. But it is not only the small fry of up-to-date culture that roll the mellifluous Italian name with ecstasy on their lips. A predecessor of mine upon this journal, Mr. John Palmer, has just declared that Pirandello will soon have "an influence in our country as vital and extensive as any that has been brought to bear on English drama since Nora Helmer pulled 'The Doll's House' about the ears of the previous generation."

Mr. Palmer, I need hardly say, is not the man to be rushed by the prattlers of the salon. The little folk, whose idea of intellectualism is to boom anything that is unintelligible, may cry up the Italian for the simple reason that he is elusive. Mr. Palmer has been properly critical, and shown that Pirandello's elusiveness is a philosophy, not a pose; the governing idea of the dramatist is taken to be the subtlety and insubstantiality of the self and the consequent elusive motions of personality when self-conscious man sets out to pursue it.

* *Three Further Plays.* By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Dr. Arthur Livingston. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

Pirandello, it seems, is a cunning, and possibly inspired, play-boy of the psychological world, who delights to use all the tools in the sophist's outfit in order to shake our sense of security in values, to dethrone reason, and to confuse all common beliefs in the nature of reality. He is so much a sceptic that he is sceptical of the very instrument of his scepticism, the human mind. He appears to regard all efforts at the rational guidance of self and society on common-sense lines as futile interferences with an impersonal, ungovernable stream of life. His drama, in short, is a flow of impulse and a feast of unreason.

I suppose that it had to come in the theatre, as it has come pretty generally elsewhere. Pirandello becomes the tried and trusty of the intellectuals for the simple reason that he distrusts the intellect. His sceptical psychology is the child of the time because it is the father of nothing. He is perfectly in harmony with the twentieth-century reaction against the rationalism of the nineteenth. The current contempt for an argued and arguable creed may lead, at the best, to a tasteful æstheticism in religion, at its worst to mere Bond Street necromancy and the vulgarity (indescribable, were it not so conscientiously described) of those dialogues with the dead in which the chief ingredients are trumpets, theatrical celebrities, and the recording angels of the Sunday Press. The whole trend of modern psychology has been away from the sovereignty of reason and towards the unfettered democracy of desire.

The fact that Pirandello is popular in a world of high-falutin' quackery does not prove him to be a quack. My reading of his plays suggests that his power of invention is considerable, but that his power of intellect has been vastly overrated. His scepticism does not appear to be any improvement on the destructive logic of the philosophy student in his first year, who fairly revels in his ability to prove that everything is nothing, that appearances are reality, and logic the true ancestor of the illogical. The conversation about the illusory nature of conscience that takes place in the first act of the first play in this volume bears a startling resemblance to the disputations of the sophists whom Socrates used, so patiently and persistently, to correct. Where the dramatist scores is in his ability to give an effective theatrical presentation to the paradoxes of an undergraduate's conversation, but the way in which the paradox is equipped with personal representatives is no evidence whatever of its value. 'Six Characters in Search of an Author' left me with the impression that its author had never really begun to think in a systematic way about reality, and was simply bowling out the numerous public that is in a like state of philosophic innocence, and I cannot by any effort bring myself to agree with Mr. Palmer that the mockery of the mind which runs through so much of Pirandello's work is likely to change the theatre of a Continent as Ibsen changed it by his respect for reason and his realistic expression of what he conceived to be simple truth.

Dr. Livingston, the translator of the three plays 'Each in His Own Way,' 'The Pleasure of Honesty,' and 'Naked,' is an enthusiastic champion of the dramatist's belief in a sweeping stream of life, before which our intellectual judgments go down like rotten bridges. "Life," he observes, "is neither moral nor immoral; it is

amoral." That may be true enough if limited in its reference to non-human life. But as a description of human society it is mere gibberish. However uncertain we may be about the exact nature of goodness, it is perfectly certain that the majority of human beings act with ethical purposes of one kind or another, and it is precisely the questions of right and wrong that help to make life vivid and exciting. Mr. Palmer frankly accepts the Pirandellian contempt for the growth of mind and morals, and confesses that the new master "makes hay of the polite and cheerful doctrine of creative evolution, and throws us back to a mysticism which the doctrine of evolution for a moment destroyed." In which case I shall rudely suggest that such hay is asses' fodder, and that level-headed people are not going to have the testimony of man's accumulated learning and reflection thrown out of the window by an Italian fantastical who is by no means superior to a quibble. There are good, novel, and striking things in all three plays of this volume, and it would be ridiculous to deny this author a fresh and lively power of reconstructing situations. But that the accompanying scepticism is going to shake us up like Ibsen's vibro-massage I cannot believe. Pirandello will split his anti-logical straws with a plodding perversity worthy of one who should have straws in his hair, and to turn from this anarchy of thought to the driving constructive sagacity of Bernard Shaw is to realize the utter futility of being too clever by half. A Roman candle has been lit in our theatre at a time when candles are in vogue. But candles have this immortal epithet: they are brief. And the scepticism of Pirandello will, like any other candle, dwindle, gutter, and go out.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday.

TOWN PLANNING IN RURAL ENGLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Admittedly there is still a great need for houses, but also, admittedly, one may have too much of a good thing and have it in the wrong way. Recent accounts of town-planning schemes—in particular, the plan, under Ministerial blessing, so to cover the whole of Hertfordshire—must give any real lover of our English countryside furiously to think. Shall we soon hear of Surrey going the same way? I am told that the beautiful Haslemere region has been so promiscuously built over as to be hardly recognizable. Will unfortunate Londoners soon have no genuine, unspoilt country within easy reach?

Mention was made, in the account I have referred to, of thirty such town-planning bodies already in existence—which positively makes one tremble.

As far as one can see, there appears to be no definite planning scheme in this unique corner of Dorset, where some of the loveliest country imaginable—entirely at the mercy of rapacious house-agents—is being defaced at an appalling rate by the haphazard erection of hideous little houses. And a large number of them remain unoccupied, profusely decorated with agents' boards.

Were there any sign of an organizing brain behind, any attempt at recognizing that simple beauty of tone and design may be quite as cheap to produce as buff and red brick atrocities, the general effect would be less disastrous, however regrettable.

It is impossible to blame the unfortunate, over-taxed landowner for selling when and where he can; but the results may be more tragic for England than they yet appear, while great empty spaces in Australia cry out in vain to be peopled and cultivated. If nothing can be done—even under a Conservative Government—to save the English landowner from extinction, might it not be possible to form some kind of national society for land-acquiring purposes, with either Government or some other responsible backing, inviting all lovers of the English countryside to join as members, paying subscriptions according to their capacity. Donations also might be invited; all the money so acquired to be spent in securing threatened beauty spots, which could then be handed over to the National Trust or the Nature Reserves Society, which apparently cannot buy land, but only maintain it. Some move of the kind, if energetically promoted, should surely evoke a wide response. The evils of "town blight" are still—though admitted—too little recognized. No one, perhaps, has done more to emphasize them than Mr. John Galsworthy, who wrote of the British race, in 1916: "We are 'game' as they say for centuries, unless—! . . . How many of us recognize that far beyond all other nations we are town dwellers, subject to town blight? It is a new and insidious malady, whose virulence we have hardly yet appreciated or had time to study. Can it be cured by better town conditions, or by going back to the land? If not by both, within the next half-century, then, I fear, by neither. . . . We have time for its defeat if we have courage and sense. But it is an enemy more deadly than the Germans!"

If town planning *must be*, wise organization, a sense of the beautiful in the useful, and the strictest limitations as to regions and extent are urgent necessities if we are to escape the fate predicted by Mr. Abercrombie—viz., the extinction of rural England within the next few years.

I am, etc.,

MAUD DIVER

Parkstone, Dorset

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I read with interest a letter you published in your last week's issue, concerning Second Chamber Reform. May I enter a protest against granting the House of Lords the powers of a Referendum? It is considered by some as a panacea for many weaknesses in our democracy. Far from being, however, a democratic measure, it would tend to become an obstacle in the way of sound, as well as unsound, reforms. It would cause unnecessary political excitement in the country and legislative stagnation.

At the present moment it is the custom of the electorate to return representatives to Parliament and thereby give them permission to carry through a definite programme. By using their vote the electors take full responsibility for their action, and do not desire part of the programme to be referred back to them.

Might I urge that the powers of the Second Chamber be left alone, but that the system of membership in that Chamber be altered on some such lines as suggested by Lord Birkenhead?

I am, etc.,

DOUGLAS G. DAWSON

Frettons, Danbury, Essex

"THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—A movement to apply the principles of philosophy to the present unsettled conditions of political, industrial, and social life has at last materialized. It has taken the form of founding an organization called "The British Institute of Philosophical Studies," and the first meeting was held on April 6, in the Parliament Chamber, Middle Temple Hall.

The General Council includes all the prominent thinkers of the day, without distinction of creed or party, and also the leaders of religion, politics, finance, industry, and commerce. It is very strongly felt that the time has come to attempt to apply the principles of truth as an antidote to the spirit of unrest which has permeated every sphere of thought and activity, and that, allowing for all differences between leaders of thought, there is a sufficient unanimity on points of fundamental principle to enable this campaign to be undertaken with very great advantage to the nation.

Lord Balfour is the President of the new organization. Professor L. T. Hobhouse is the Chairman of the Council, the Master of Balliol is the Deputy Chairman of the Council, and I am the Chairman of the Executive Committee. The following are the members of the Executive Committee:

The Master of Balliol,	Mr. Julian Huxley,
Mr. F. C. Bartlett,	Mr. H. J. Laski,
Professor C. D. Broad,	Sir Lynden Macassey,
Dr. Wm. Brown,	Professor J. H. Muirhead,
Miss Edgell,	The Hon. Bertrand Russell,
Mr. E. Garcke,	Lady Rhondda,
Dr. Ginsberg,	Sir Charles Sherrington,
Professor Dawes Hicks,	Professor Spearman,
Professor L. T. Hobhouse,	Miss Stebbing.
Professor F. B. Jevons,	

In view of the very great importance of the movement and its prospects of success as evidenced by the striking support it has received on every hand, I am hoping that you may find it possible to give it the great benefit of the powerful support of the SATURDAY REVIEW, which would do much to assist it to succeed. It really is a very conspicuous example of common agreement by every shade of political, economic, and social thought in regard to matters which are fundamental to the nation.

I am, etc.,
LYNDEN MACASSEY

MOTHELCRAFT TRAINING

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the fact that Madame Arna Heni is giving one of her well-known Ibsen Recitals, from her favourite piece, 'Peer Gynt,' on Tuesday, April 28, at 2.30, at 139 Piccadilly? The house is lent by kind permission of Baroness d'Erlanger, and tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Denman, 43 Ovington Square, S.W., price 10s. and 5s.

The Mothercraft Training Society, in aid of which the recital is to take place, was founded by Sir Frederick Truby King, in order to train mothers of all classes in the principles of healthy motherhood and babyhood and to give hospital nurses and midwives the opportunity of taking courses in the study of infant health. The M.T.S. runs a hospital, where there is accommodation for five mothers, and twenty-five babies suffering from the results of wrong feeding. A clinic is held three times weekly, at which during 1924 there were 4,767 attendances, an increase of 1,117 over 1923.

The Society can meet running expenses, but needs money now to pay off mortgage and building expenses at its new premises, Cromwell House, Highgate.

I am, etc.,
HELEN HARDINGE
(Chairman of the Sub-Committee)

"UP TO"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—An American friend informs me that "up to you" has been in use in the United States for at least thirty years. It was originally equivalent to "your turn" (to play, etc.). Perhaps, like so many supposed Americanisms, it is an old or provincial English expression, but I cannot see that it is any better or more forcible than "for you," the classical English phrase. Johnson's example is a couplet from Dryden:

Is it for you to ravish seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
I am, etc.,

Hyères A. J. M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—While I cannot pretend to hazard its origin, I attempt to show in a little volume on 'The Jargon known as Commercial English,' which I am now at work upon, that this expression reached us directly from America. It seems first to have found hospitality in commercial circles, beginning, I grieve to say, with the advertising world. Fleet Street then employed it and quickly elevated it to leading-article rank. Finally, politicians, notably Mr. Lloyd George, used it freely.

I am, etc.,
T. B. LAWRENCE

1 Arundel Street, London, W.C.2

MEMORIAL TO CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Some thirty years ago a first effort was made, on the initiative of the Elizabethan Literary Society, to honour the genius of Christopher Marlowe by erecting a monument to his memory. A new and representative committee has now been formed with the object of collecting funds for completing the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury and for taking such other steps in honour of Marlowe's memory as the available amount of money may allow, such as the erection of tablets at his school and college, viz., King's School, Canterbury, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The committee consists, in addition to those who sign this letter, of Prof. G. P. Baker of Yale University, the Very Rev. G. K. A. Bell, Dean of Canterbury, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Dr. E. K. Chambers, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Prof. Albert Feuillerat, Sir Israel Gollancz, Prof. G. S. Gordon, Mr. Ben Greet, Prof. Tucker Brooke, Yale University, Mr. George Pope, Mayor of Canterbury, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, His Excellency M. Jusserand, Mr. Algernon Latter, Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury, Dr. M. W. MacCallum, Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, Dr. William Martin, Dr. E. C. Pearce, Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Mr. William Poel, Dr. A. W. Reed, Mr. J. C. Squire, Prof. Ashley Thorndike, of Columbia University, New York, and the Committee of the Elizabethan Literary Society, with power to add to their number.

It is roughly estimated that a sum of £1,500 will be required to fulfil the suggested purposes. Sir Sidney Lee has undertaken the office of Treasurer. Donations may either be paid into the account of the Marlowe Memorial Fund, Midland Bank, Ltd., 69 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or to Miss Joyce Brown, 33 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1, who is acting as Hon. Secretary to the Marlowe Memorial Committee.

On behalf of the committee,

We are, etc.,
EDMUND GOSSE F. S. BOAS
SIDNEY LEE G. THORN DRURY
W. L. COURTNEY OTTO SALLMANN
J. W. MACKAIL

[Many other letters are held over for lack of space.—
ED. S.R.]

NEW FICTION

BY GERALD GOULD

An Octave. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.

They Green Stones. By C. A. Dawson-Scott. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

Here Are Dragons. By Henry Baerlein. Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.

Inspector French's Greatest Case. By F. Wills Crofts. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is an old question between the novel of home and the novel of adventure; yet perhaps both appeal to the same egotisms. In the former, we see folk intrinsically like ourselves; in the latter, those other selves who are the exquisite material of day-dream—fine, dashing fellows, unabashed and uninhibited. My own personal preference (is it not a part of critical honesty to admit to personal preferences?) is for the domestic scene. I would rather read about Peckham than about the Gold Coast. Mr. Jeffery's book, for instance, is just the kind of book I like. Its hero is a publisher: he is middle-aged and prefers to be comfortable. Its heroine is a publisher's wife: she is middle-aged and prefers a touch of excitement. Each of them has a mild affair, of the senses rather than of the heart; each of them feels somewhat aggrieved that the other has not sufficient discretion and loyalty to avoid that sort of thing. At her age! At his age! And then there are the children to think about: a boy who has appendicitis; and another boy who brings his motor-bicycle into collision with the police; and a girl who will insist on getting engaged to be married. And to a member, too, of the Independent Labour Party!—a member whose political infamy is mitigated to only a small extent by the possession of a private income which would have to be larger in order to make his opinions really impressive. And then again there are troubles at the office; the right books don't sell, and there is a disgruntled partner, and a tempting but humiliating offer of absorption from a huge rival firm with heaps of capital and no traditions. Altogether, life is sufficiently hard to be bracing for an individual who has always lived soft. Nothing shattering happens, nothing tragic, nothing even particularly comic: the publisher braces himself and proposes to live on a slightly smaller income. As it turns out, he is not compelled even to do that. The end of a week of agitation finds him more comfortable than ever; and with the cessation of the call to effort, his last chance of escaping spiritual somnolence departs. By a natural law of art, the coincidence which furnishes wealth at the end is perfectly acceptable as an ironical conclusion, though if it were presented as a "happy ending" it would be intolerable. A thin plot, you say? Any plot may appear thin when presented as a skeleton; but Mr. Jeffery tells his story with such ease, truth, and humour; his people are so real, his incidents so convincing; the whole tone and texture of his work are so entirely right for what they are and have to do, that there is no suggestion of inadequacy, and the interest is lively from the first page to the last. This is one of those rare books in which human beings talk like human beings: even if that were its only claim to distinction, it would have to be vigorously commended.

Turn, for contrast, to 'They Green Stones.' This is not a less good or a less successful book: indeed, of its kind, it is about as good as it could be: but the kind itself provides obstacles. The very title threatens dialect; and one reads a good many pages in fear and trembling before discovering that, for once, dialect in a novel is easy and not artificial. The scene is Cornwall; and the Cornwall of novelists is, as a rule, remoter than any Gold Coast. The plot, of course,

turns upon the killing of one man, who is in love with a certain woman, by another man, who is in love with the same woman; the killing takes place on the usual lonely farm, and is followed by what at first sight seems an entirely impossible impersonation. To some people, these things may be attractions: to me, as I have confessed, they are obstacles—so much so that, if I may make a further confession, I began the book several times at longish intervals before I could get going with it at all. And this was to do it injustice. For, once one *does* get going, one cannot help realizing that the conventions are subdued to a unity by an art both strong and sincere. The people, fantastic as their acts and motives must seem if judged, say, by the same canons as Mr. Jeffery's, move real and impressive in their own world. It is a poetic world, a world which makes its own atmosphere; but the writing is not strained to fit the atmosphere; it is apt and therefore admirable. There is in it a lyric strain, a sort of natural wildness, beauty and excitement. It is not, then, enough to say of 'They Green Stones' that you will like it if you like its kind: the point is that you will like it, if you give it a fair chance, even though you may dislike its kind with vehemence. It fulfils and justifies itself.

How are we to fit Mr. Baerlein into any classification of kinds at all? He writes with so whimsical a choice both of theme and manner; he is so bewilderingly, charmingly, straightforwardly, eruditely himself; he insists so brazenly on digression, and yet makes all his odds-and-ends sound so just, that criticism can but record his adventures and recommend them. His title, unexplained, seems to promise a fairy story; explained, it seems to promise propaganda; and in a sense we get both, but propaganda, touched by the fairy quality, becomes art. Listen to the explanation:

"... what is the difference between an old map and a new one? I suppose a new one is more accurate?"

"But the enchantment of the old ones! I mean those," said Mary, "which at some distance from the maker's own part of the world used to populate the land with strange creatures, with unicorns and men who have an eye in the middle of their breasts. Those maps... show you the fabulous regions where men carry their heads under their shoulders and the region where the anthropophagi are roaming (and eating each other, I suppose), and beyond a range of mountains they perhaps described the country by the simple statement, written on it, 'Here are dragons.'"

And the moral of *that* is—Half the racial and political troubles of mankind come from our readiness to believe that the people just beyond the nearest range of mountains (whether physical or spiritual) are

the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

We terrify ourselves with imaginary dragons. The people beyond the mountain-range are very similar to ourselves. But Mr. Baerlein makes no dry sermon of this thesis. He has the concrete case of Bohemia to put forward (with what justice, I cannot judge)—Bohemia, just after the war, rent with internal grudges and doubts, German contemptuous of Czech, Czech vengeful towards German. Some of the characters work for peace and understanding, and nothing very dreadful happens: Mr. Baerlein treats even the irreconcilables in a vein of tender comedy. There is, for instance, the old German aristocrat who is given a gun with blank cartridges and allowed to blaze away at a stage army of retainers: these, in Czech uniform, obligingly walk across the middle distance, fall down one by one as he aims at them, and afterwards pick themselves up or get carried off, and come round to be shot again.

To amateurs of the detective story, Mr. Wills Crofts needs no recommendation: their eyes light up at the mention of his name. This again is a class of book which I do not myself read with ease; but all my cleverest friends assure me that, in 'Inspector French's Greatest Case,' Mr. Wills Crofts has—if possible—surpassed even himself.

REVIEWS

SOME RECENT THEOLOGY

Reviews and Studies—Biblical and Doctrinal. By the Rev. F. J. Badcock. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

A REMARKABLE change has taken place in modern divinity. Scarcely anything is ever heard or read now about the topics that were once so prominent, such as sin and redemption, grace, salvation, and new birth. They have vanished from the pulpit and from the printed page. The talk is all now of "social service," and Lambeth Conferences find it easier to call men to fellowship than to repentance. The democratic movement looks with some suspicion on holiness and the spirit of awe. On the other hand, while rejecting propitiatory Atonement, it has found the doctrine of Incarnation extremely congenial to broad human sympathies and the touch of nature making the whole world kin. It has rallied to Bethlehem rather than to Calvary. It considers that God came into the world, not to effect human brotherhood by a new creation, but to announce it as already existing—not to make men sons of God, but to tell them that they are so.

It is the old antithesis of Divine immanence and Divine transcendence. Dr. Badcock, who is a thinker, insists on the intelligibility of the Being of God, apart from which all other doctrines are unintelligible. "If," he says, "twice two were five mathematics would be impossible, but we still might hope to experience and reciprocate our mother's love. But if God the Holy Trinity were less or more than the Trinity there would be no we, no world, and no God." That is a bold saying. The very existence of truth is undemocratic, for it implies an absolute objective standard on which we have not been consulted. Dr. Badcock has a chapter on our old friend Pelagius. Pelagianism is the religion of the self-made man. It is a tub that insists on standing on its own bottom. It dispenses with grace and supernatural assistance. It knows nothing of being born again from above. It is autonomous self-determination. It denies the profound spiritual catastrophe which theologians call the Fall, or the need of a broken and contrite heart.

Two of Dr. Badcock's dissertations deal with the familiar subject of miracle. There is really not as much difficulty in the abstract about the idea of miracle as there is about that of prayer. For miracle is the intervention of forces belonging to a different sphere, which if they exist can rationally be supposed to operate. For example, if St. Peter was released from prison by an angel from the realms of glory this would be called a supernatural event, but not if a secret disciple with an oiled key had let him out. There is nothing irrational about such a miracle, even if improbable. But in the case of prayer there is no suggestion of any agency not already within the chain of natural causes and effects. Mechanical explanation, in fact, breaks down. Creative freedom alone breaks into the closed circle.

The "Problem of Creation" is treated by Dr. Badcock philosophically. It is difficult to understand whether those who trace evolution back in an infinite regress to primordial potentiality believe that the world ever had a beginning at all, or what they mean by creation. The matter has also another bearing, in connexion with Christianity as an historic revelation. Assume sons of ages for the duration of mankind upon this globe, both B.C. and A.D., and a vast readjustment of historic actuality becomes necessary. An historic event, to be fruitful, must stand at a certain distance of time, not too great, from the other events to which it is related. Otherwise all is dim and vague, whereas redemption must be definite. There

are grave difficulties in the theory that Christianity is still in its infancy, in what the Dean of St. Paul's calls the teething or baby-rattle stage. This, however, is not a line of speculation followed by Dr. Badcock. We think that his explanation of Christ's apocalyptic predictions deserves to be weighed. It is clear from St. Peter's sermon in the Acts that Joel's prophecy, for example, about blood and fire and pillar of smoke, the sun turned into darkness and the moon into blood, seemed to contemporary Jews to have all actually happened. We must not judge these things by modern western modes of thought.

Among these discussions we note a closely reasoned one on St. Paul's apostolic commission. This Dr. Badcock maintains was given by our Lord in the vision in the Temple. It was a turning point in history, and St. Paul, once regarded as the stand-by of Protestantism, has recently been attacked as the founder of the Catholic religion and the chief exponent of sacramental mystery. A similar reversal has taken place in the critical estimate of the Fourth Gospel, which is much freer than the Synoptic Gospels from apocalyptic and transcendental teaching. It is more Immanuelist, less supernaturalist. Dr. Badcock, by the bye, corrects this Evangelist's exegesis.

He covers so many topics in these acute studies that we must leave some criticisms unnoticed. But we could wish that so good a scholar would eschew the dreadful word "impartment," of which he is fond. Also that he would note that "paucity" (p. 111) means fewness, not poverty.

ASIATIC ART

Asiatic Art in the British Museum (Sculpture and Painting). By Laurence Binyon. C. Van Oest: Paris and Brussels. £3 3s.

IN the introduction to this magnificent volume Mr. Binyon has pointed out the slow and recent growth of Western interest in Oriental art. It was not really until the 1860's that we began to understand and appreciate its beauty, and we began on the lesser art of Japanese prints. In 1881 the museum acquired Dr. William Anderson's collection, which included several paintings of the Japanese classic period and certain even more important Chinese works. Through these in England, but in the Western world at large rather through the pioneer work of Mr. Charles Freer, an American, we have come in this century to recognize the supreme quality of Chinese work; and within recent years the Bhuddist art of Eastern Turkestan and India has come to be recognized as great art and not as of merely ethnographical interest.

Although we have now a clear grasp of the main outlines in the development of Bhuddist art, and a widespread and sincere admiration for Oriental art in general, the British Museum collection is still scattered in the most inconvenient manner. Mr. Binyon discusses briefly the proposed, but so far unsupported, scheme for a gallery of Oriental art in London. On first consideration the scheme seems admirable, and for those who have already some knowledge of Oriental art it would be of inestimable value; but a second consideration suggests that the proposal is perhaps a little premature. Whatever may be the attitude of cultured people, Oriental art, it must be confessed, is still a closed book to the majority of ordinary folk who are yet able to appreciate intelligently the art of the West. Its idiom is strange, and even as many cultured people themselves fail to grasp the idiom of modern art, so these others, the ordinary folk, cannot see through to the beauty of Oriental art. The perception of beauty is a curious combination of accident and training. If all Oriental art were in one museum, there is the danger that it would only be visited by those over whom that art already exercises a fascination that is quite strong enough to carry them through the com-

plexities of the present arrangement at the British Museum; while, on the other hand, that arrangement ensures that any casual visitor to the Museum is liable suddenly to come upon, say, the Lohan figure and be stricken into appreciation. The accident having occurred, training, it may be hoped, will follow, and so these scattered specimens are, as it were, decoys to the East placed in the West.

The reproductions in this book from a hundred and seven works of art, with descriptive notes by Mr. Binyon, taken in conjunction with the introductory text demonstrate how large and admirable a collection we possess, and they show clearly the superiority of Asiatic art over Western art in two characteristics, an overwhelming sense of supernatural awe and reserved power, and, paradoxically, a delicate beauty of line.

A POET AS SCIENTIST

Poetic Unreason, and other Studies. By Robert Graves. Palmer. 6s. net.

A BAD book depresses, a mediocre one bores; it takes a lively, searching one to irritate. We confess to a feeling of irritation at what we cannot but regard as the incoherence of Mr. Graves's method; but that is itself a tribute to the genuineness and provocativeness of his ideas. From his conclusions, so far as we can discern them, we dissent. That, however, is another matter.

Mr. Graves thinks for himself; also, of course, other people have thought for him. He gives, as he proclaims, few particular references; so that it is not easy to trace origins. But we would hazard the guess that the two trends of thought which have most influenced him are that associated with the name of Anatole France in æsthetics and that associated with the name of Jung in psychology. And we should adhere to this view even if we knew for certain that Mr. Graves had never read a page of France or Jung, or that, having read them, he dissented from most of what they said. (We note that, on page 127, he does strongly dissent from Jung.) For their theories are part of the common air. France was the most skilful exponent of the subjective attitude in criticism: Jung, starting with the belief in types, has found himself an anarchist *malgré lui*, being compelled by his premisses to suppose that nobody can understand anybody (in contradistinction to Croce, who, realizing the abstraction of the type, dares to start with uniqueness, and finds the universal there). Bearing these two views in mind, consider this typical paragraph of Mr. Graves's:

I admit, but with no pride, that the verses of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or, a better example still, those of the late Canon Rawnsley, mean nothing to me either intellectually or emotionally, or no more than the turning of a Tibetan prayer-wheel: and yet both poets enjoyed and enjoy a large group of admirers. It is my limitations as much as theirs that keep us from sympathetic contact.

We seriously suggest to Mr. Graves that, if he believes that, he has no right to use the word "better" at all. Of course, appreciation is largely subjective: of course, the connotation of every phrase is different for every person: of course, the 'Odyssey' thunders in vain for the listener ignorant of Greek and unmoved by music. But to make it as subjective as Mr. Graves would do is surely to destroy it altogether. He arrives at his conclusion from the psychological, and indeed definitely psychoanalytic, end; he seeks to find in poetry those elements of subconscious conflict and resolution, of phantasy, of the irrational, which may in a sense "explain" why the poet writes as he does and not otherwise. Mr. Graves believes that this sort of understanding establishes sympathies and so helps the individual in the appreciation of poetry. We disagree. If we could by this method get into "sympathetic contact" with the mind of the late Miss Wilcox, it would not make her poetry any better. Moreover, we find the method of scientific analysis

leading to highly unscientific conclusions. As Mr. Graves himself admits in his astonishing interpretation of the 'Tempest,' "we are here in the realm of possibility, which marches with the land of fancy." And such fancies, too!

We disagree, then. But we pay tribute to the courage, originality and sincerity of the author's mind.

MISS SITWELL

Troy Park. By Edith Sitwell. Duckworth. 5s. net.

LIKE little Bopeep, who mislaid an affectionate and useful possession, the gifted author of 'Troy Park' appears to have lost her Noah's Ark. Happily she has kept a firm grasp on Hell, and, with her Punch and Judy, she has become almost mænadic:

Something lies beyond the scene, the encre de chine, marine, obscene

Horizon

In

Hell

Black as a bison.

See the tall black Aga on the sofa in the alga mope, his

Bell-rope

Moustache (clear as a great bell)!

Waves in eighteen-eighty

Bustles

Come

Late with tambourines of

Rustling

Foam.

How true! How dreadful! The astigmatic complexities are as veridical as ever. 'Clowns' Luck' contains more of them to the lineal inch than most of the other pieces:

Bordering the waves that seem botanic

Gardens endless flat and oceanic—

Stand three lodging-houses tall and lean,

Where between the chinks like glycerine

The ozone drips . . .

How violent! How incorrigibly invigorating! A little difficult at first, of course, but once having perceived a wave as a botanic garden, or a botanic garden as an ocean, it is quite simple to gulp the glycerine. In case the mental strain starts your hair jangling, it is gratifying to be able to point out that these waves only seem botanic, just as everything else in the book only seems what it appears to seem. Each page teems with seems. But, as the divine Longfellow discovered: "Life is real . . . And things are not what they seem." How confuting! And how frightfully reassuring!

CASTLES IN SPAIN

Grobo. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book that defies the reviewer. One of the canons of literary criticism is that the critic should first consider what the author has set out to do, and then decide how far he has succeeded in his attempt. But Mr. Meyerstein baffles us at the first encounter. What has he set out to do? Frankly, we cannot supply a satisfactory answer.

'Grobo' is as strange a work of fiction as has been published these many years. It is startlingly original, clever, at times brilliant, at others incomprehensible. It contains passages of real beauty, but taken as a whole, what is Mr. Meyerstein driving at?

The story concerns primarily the life of a young Spanish boy from Alicante, who is adopted by an English tourist, spends several years at his guardian's house in London, goes to Harrow and is expelled for kissing another boy (his guardian gives out that the offence was one of theft: a shrewd piece of criticism of his mentality), returns to Spain with a brigand in a bowler hat, meets a General Gammerlommer who pays his expenses at Oxford, and, after various adventures at the University, including the detection of a murderer, returns to his castle in Spain, marries, and

lives happily ever after. That is a bare outline of the "plot," and if that were all, the story might not differ essentially from that of many another novel. But it can by no means be dismissed as easily as that. It is a disturbing piece of work, showing unmistakable signs of something finer than talent and much more elusive. It is written in a not ineffective imitation-archaic style that certainly succeeds in emphasizing its atmosphere of quixotic romance. But these qualities are confused by a wild inconsequence of narration, by the contriving of coincidences and occurrences more unconvincing than those in much machine-made fiction, and by a quite irritating frustration of logical sequence. Constantly the reader is on the tiptoe of expectancy—and is left there balancing uneasily, waiting for he knows not quite what. The purpose of the story is not made plain. There are hints, innuendoes, clues that are never followed up, suggestions that are never explained. And every now and again the progress of the book is held up by sheer phantasy, interpolated—so it seems—without any clear object in view.

But all this is not to say that 'Grobo' is a bad book. That it certainly is not. It is an extraordinarily interesting book, which serious students of the novel should not miss. We can promise them that they will be diverted by a most unusual piece of work. Clearly, Mr. Meyerstein can write, and has a lively imagination. Perhaps, indeed, too lively an imagination, which, when he has learnt to harness it, may be the means of his producing a genuine work of art.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT

? (*What Shall the Title Be?*) A Book by Newman Flower. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is frankly an appeal for help; but, unlike the majority of such appeals, it is beautifully made. Mr. Newman Flower has painted, with warmth and sympathy, a picture with two sides. On the one he shows a condition of overcrowding, filth and disease; on the other a great life-saving institution—the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster—which has for the last twenty-two years opened its doors to babies who are the victims of ignorance and evil conditions. For all the tenderness with which Mr. Flower has treated his subject, this is a painful record. One of its most distressing features is the fact that many children are nursed to health and strength, and their subsequent return to their homes, often terribly poverty-stricken, means a return of disease, and the need for the battle to be fought all over again. Dr. Eric Pritchard and his staff at the Infants' Hospital are making a tremendous fight to save the babies from the slums, who pour, in increasing numbers, to the door. No personal devotion, no skill, and no material advantages are wanting, but while the number of ailing and diseased babies is so far in excess of the available accommodation many are of necessity still denied entrance.

This book is a complete picture of the life and conditions of the hospital. The matron, the nurses, the lady almoner, and the little patients are all presented with whimsical sympathy. Mr. Flower has given a delightfully individual interest to each baby with whom he "talked." How lovable, and how pathetically responsive to love these little creatures are, and how much in need of help and watchful after-care, he makes only too clear. The book, which is in itself a charming thing, is in need of a title. The Committee of the Hospital make the following offer to Mr. Flower:

Since you have written a book about our babies, we will find the title. By giving £500 to the hospital anyone can name a cot in the main ward in perpetuity. We will allow a cot to be named in perpetuity by the person who sends us the best title for this book, and it is equivalent to a gift of £500 to the Hospital funds.

Mr. Charles Grave has drawn some deliciously humorous illustrations of the babies, not the least amusing of which is 'The Author and the Artist—or why babies cry.'

SHORTER NOTICES

Zionism. By Leonard Stein. Ernest Benn. 6s. net.

AS a brief readable account of the story, ambitions and achievements of Zionism, Mr. Stein's book is altogether admirable, and, coming at the psychological moment when the dream of a Jewish University has just been fulfilled, it will probably do as well as it deserves. Plenty of people are deeply interested in the movement now who had scarcely heard of it two months ago.

Without being in the least prejudiced the book offers a sincere appreciation of the difficulties which the Jews have attacked and overcome in Palestine. The account of the flourishing co-operative enterprises recently put into operation has an interest apart from Jewish considerations. So long as the Jews in Palestine continue to be guided by such moderate and fair-minded counsels as at present, there can be no serious misgivings over the wisdom of the Balfour Declaration.

A Player under Three Reigns. By Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

TO the numerous devotees of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson it must have seemed unthinkable that he might never have been on the stage. Yet in his modest and agreeable autobiography he tells us that it was only "the force of circumstances" that placed him there. His early taste, backed by the advice of Rossetti, was for painting, and he spent three strenuous years in the Academy schools. His first serious engagement in the theatre was in a play by Charles Reade, of whom he gives a most amusing account, but it was Samuel Phelps who gave him his real training, and thus he is linked through Macready and Mrs. Siddons with Garrick. This pleasant account of his long and successful career is well worth reading, and contains many lively sketches of famous men and women.

Essex County Farmers' Union Year Book, 1925. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is an admirable compilation, edited by Mr. John B. Gill, and packed with information that should be interesting or valuable to the Essex farmer. Many of the articles, of course, appeal to agriculturists everywhere—notably Professor Wood's review of the year's research, or Sir R. H. Biffen's interesting account of prehistoric crops. The charming photographs of pigs make one want to consecrate a new life to the production of bacon.

Some Umbrian Cities. By Ada M. Harrison and R. S. Austin. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a thoroughly delightful book, which gives pictures, both with pen and pencil, of one of the most fascinating of Italian districts. The authors are leisurely and accomplished. They do not race through the land with motor-cars and cameras, but walk—or at most ride in one-horse buggies—and enjoy themselves with an enthusiasm for scenery, legend, and folk-life which they fully communicate to the reader. Mr. Austin's drawings of Perugia, Assisi, Orvieto, Gubbio, Todi, and Spoleto are at once truthful in detail and romantic in spirit, and the same may be said of the letterpress, in which the authors seem to have collaborated in spirit if not in the actual writing.

State Socialism in Practice. By Archibald Hurd. Allan. 3s. 6d. net.

IF it were the custom of the country to award the honour of *affichage*, by which speeches of exceptional importance delivered in the French Chamber are printed on broadsheets at the expense of the State and

posted up in all public places for the edification of the people, Mr. Hurd's book would certainly deserve it.

The folly of Socialism has often been capably exposed, but never with such relentless, devastating attention to detail. Almost incidentally 'State Socialism' is one of the most illuminating and interesting explanations of the workings of a modern state and of the great businesses of shipping, banking, and the rest. There is no evading the issues by suppositions and generalizations: every point is attacked in detail, the economic principles involved being lucidly explained and the consequences of ignoring them demonstrated. It succeeds in making fascinating a subject in which dullness has generally been considered ineradicable.

At a time when a great number of irresponsible voters are pulling the country towards the Socialistic catastrophe and when taking part in the control of the State is considered to need less learning than the use of a typewriter, it will be a pity if this salutary book is not very widely read.

The Royal Martyr. By Charles Wheeler Coit. Selwyn and Blount. 10s. 6d. net.

WE may read the past in the light of the present, or use the way of imaginative evocation. This is to fling ourselves into the struggle, ardent partisans, urged by the prejudices and convictions of the time. Professor Coit, dealing with Charles the First in a sympathetic and richly-stored biography, is as a contemporary ready to venture all for the King's prerogative. Let modern historians, moved by the spirit of democracy, arraign Charles, and pass judgment against him. Mr. Coit will not attend. Wholeheartedly he is on the side of Clarendon, Hume, and the erstwhile memorial 'Form of Prayer with Fasting.' He roundly declares good the personal government of Charles without Parliament. And at least one can allow that Charles consistently obeyed his principles. He was conscious of integrity in honour and conscience. The charge of bad faith, on examination, falls to the ground. But was not Lord Falkland, constrained to take a side though counselling in advance a settlement like that of 1688, the martyr of a higher and broader truth?

Political Principles and Motives. By David W. Caddick. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. CADDICK'S intentions are excellent: his achievement conspicuously a mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. He sees in "the desire to obtain something for nothing, ninepence for fourpence, big pay and a short working day" the root of our present predicament, and upholds Capitalism and Imperial Preference with refreshing determination. He dwells upon the fear, not without justification, that the policy of sitting waiting for something to turn up will in the end render disastrous inflation on the Teutonic model inevitable.

But when, for instance, he selects the purely symbolic Parable of the Talents, and the parable of the man who sold everything to buy the field in which he had found hidden treasure, as New Testament arguments in favour of Capitalism, it is more difficult to agree with him.

Although it is blemished by a good deal of clumsy expression and rather doubtful logic, the book contains such an amount of provocative and uncompromising common-sense on pressing problems of the moment that it must nevertheless be recommended.

DELAY IN DELIVERY

Readers who experience any difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW regularly are asked to communicate immediately with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition will in future be on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 163.

WESTWARD HO! BE NOW OUR CRY;
THERE THESE CONTINENTS BOTH LIE.

1. At one already? Nay, this cannot be!
2. A wing needs clipping, I can plainly see.
3. From Cornish town a Saxon thorn extract.
4. Equivalent it is, and that's a fact.
5. Him Phœbus slew, a flower now we find.
6. Curtail me next the patriarch of mankind.
7. Large but not lissom, formed to feed on roots,
8. Such as were this by huge primeval brutes.
9. To him it is that we the trouble owe.
10. So fretful? Ah, that slab had better go!
11. True to its name, our skin it beautifies.
12. On Thames's banks her glittering spires rise.

Solution to Acrostic No. 161.

A	uthenti	C	¹ Spoken in the Engadine.
R	omansc	H ¹	² "Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, furnishes a remarkable instance of basaltic columns."
C	omm	A	³ From the Greek <i>skia</i> , a shadow, and <i>oura</i> , a tail.
H	ave	N	⁴ 2 Kings XII and XIII.
B	asalti	C ³	
I	nvulnerabl	E	
S	quirre	L ³	
H	azae	L ⁴	
O	vied	O	
P	epp	R	

ACROSTIC No. 161.—The winner is Mr. Charles E. Clayton, L.C.E., Combe House, Glastonbury, who has selected as his prize 'Hesketh Prichard, D.S.O., M.C.,' a Memoir by Eric Parker, published by Fisher Unwin and reviewed in our columns on April 4 under the title 'Shorter Notices.' Thirteen other competitors chose this book, nineteen named 'Out of the Past,' nine 'Three Generations,' eight 'Love,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Sisyphus, T. E. Thomas, C. H. Burton, Carlton, Dodeka, Jeff, Varach, Miss Kelly, J. D. Turner, Baldersby, Baitho, Quis, Mrs. J. Butler, Martha, East Sheen, Ceyx, Bolo, C. J. Warden, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Hargreaves, Old Man-cunian, Zyk, Jay, and R. H. Boothroyd.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: E. Edwards, Mrs. A. Lole, Rho Kappa, Roan, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Vixen, Zoozoo, N. O. Sellam, G. W. Miller, J. R. Cripps, R. Eccles, Lilian, L. D., Doric, Vera Hope, Gay, Tyro, Twyford, Nonisolia, J. Sutton, and Lady Duff.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Stucco, R. Ransom, Canon Nance, M. Story, Glamis, Cory, Agamemnon, Ida, Gladys P. Lamont, G. M. Fowler, Louisa, Day, Mrs. Woodward, M. A. S. McFarlane, Hanworth, and Prue. All others more.

BAITHO.—Although obsolete words are not excluded, words in current use are preferred.

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MOTORING

UNDERGROUND PARKING PLACES

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

AS matters stand at present there are a large number of owners of motor-cars who would use them every day if they could leave them unattended while conducting their business affairs, making calls, shopping, visiting picture galleries, restaurants, and theatres. The paucity of parking places is so great that the police limit the period a car is allowed to stand to an hour—as those who have parked their cars have found to their cost. This is a serious matter; it restricts the use of cars to week-ends in the country, or to occasions when they are driven continuously.

The suburban motorist, if he does not employ a chauffeur, is particularly hard hit by the lack of parking places. Instead of being able to drive to his office in the morning, he has to proceed there by train, tram, or motor-bus. The same difficulty applies to his wife and family; they can drive the car to the shopping districts, but they cannot leave it outside the shops without incurring the risk of being summoned for obstructing the traffic. In consequence the car is only used in the immediate neighbourhood, and not in congested traffic areas, because there is no parking space available.

During the past year the Automobile Association has specially considered the possibility of providing underground parking spaces in cities and towns. This organization has over two hundred thousand motor-owning members. In order to show what can be

effected in this connexion it has made a model of an underground parking place which might be made under Leicester Square. This model is offered as a guide to local authorities in the hope that they will look upon it as a practical effort to solve two problems of the road at once: namely, provide parking places for cars, and thus relieve the streets of a certain amount of the traffic that helps to cause congestion—the stationary car by the kerbside.

(Continued on page 419)

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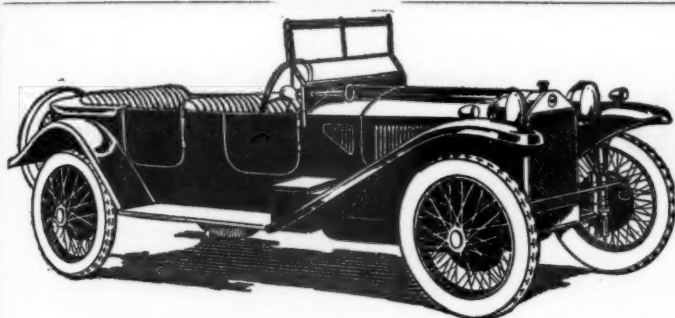
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Parking as distinct from garaging must allow for easy ingress and egress. The space must also be available for short periods at a very low charge, if it is not possible to provide it free. In the A.A. model of the parking place below Leicester Square the cars and motor-cycles enter and leave on the near-side of the road, and thus avoid crossing other lines of traffic. Two entrances and two exits are provided in case of breakdowns, accidents and repairs, but the entrances and exits will be easily controlled, thus economizing the staff cost and facilitating the parking of vehicles in their allotted places. All the parking space is available without any crossings; the traffic in or out will circulate only one way. Stairways between the above and underground space are provided for the convenience of drivers who have parked their cars, or who are returning to collect them, while signals, operated by the attendants, are provided at each entrance to indicate when the parking space is full.

To establish such parking facilities upon a proper basis it will be necessary to promote a Parliamentary Bill which will empower local authorities to raise loans for the construction of underground parking spaces, such powers covering, of course, the diversion of gas, water, sewers, electricity, and other underground services, and when necessary giving authority to acquire land, and to make charges for parking cars above as well as under ground. The use of parking places above or under ground would, of course, be subject to regulations ensuring the safety and general convenience of all users, and it is hoped that a reasonable scale of charges, approved by the authorities, will be adopted. The Automobile Association suggests that such charges might be made on cars according to overall length, so that the cost of parking cars, for example, for two hours, would range from 2s. down to 6d. according to

the length of the car. At the other end of the scale such charges would range from 6s. down to 1s. 6d. for sixteen hours, while motor-bicycles and sidecars would pay 4d. for two hours, or 1s. for sixteen hours, and motor-bicycles from 3d. to 9d. Provision would also be made for the parking of "push" bicycles at very low charges. The proposed underground parking spaces should be used exclusively for parking purposes, so that washing, replenishing, or repairs would not be permitted, neither would the transfer of any inflammable material to a motor while in the parking place be sanctioned. The A.A. model, as it applies to the conditions in Leicester Square, is offered as a practical attempt to meet present-day requirements of motor-users, and in view of the rapid development of motoring during the past few years some such attempt is now considerably overdue.

Motor-car production in the U.S.A. has overshadowed that of other countries by the immensity of annual output. Yet on Friday, at about 11.45 a.m., the 250,000th car was produced in the Ford British factory at Trafford Park, Manchester, by English labour. No other motor-making firm in the United Kingdom has yet reached a production of a quarter of a million motor-cars in its shops, though quite a number of British works are nearing one hundred thousand automobiles built since the factories began their motor-carriage output. This emphasizes the fact that the motor-car is nearly as popular in Great Britain as the ordinary push bicycle. With an increase of seventy thousand private motor-cars in 1923 on the total of the previous year, and a further increase of ninety thousand private cars last year on that total, it is not too optimistic to expect a further increase of one hundred thousand cars on the road by the end of this present year.



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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Stock Exchange expression "to be a bear," originated in the adage that it is dangerous to sell the bear's skin before you have caught the bear. One is reminded of this by the heated debate that took place at the concluding session of the I.L.P., as to whether the Socialist Party, having transferred property from private to public ownership, should or should not compensate the owners. Mr. Dalton stated, in this debate, that there were $4\frac{1}{2}$ million capitalists in the co-operative movement. I have frequently referred to these small capitalists and to the way in which their requirements are ignored. Mr. Dalton was merely concerned with the political aspect of the case when he said: "We cannot afford to neglect those four-and-a-half million co-operators and a large number of trades unionists who have property in small quantities which would be liable to confiscation if the principle of compensation were not admitted." I again draw attention to these small investors, not from a political but from a financial point of view, and repeat that those who make new issues, whether it is the Treasury with its conversion schemes or issuing houses of repute, should see that the small investor is invited to participate. Hundreds of thousands of pounds find their way annually into the pockets of unscrupulous company mongers or dishonest so-called outside brokers, and this money comes largely from small investors, who rarely appear to have the opportunity of investing in good things. I believe that the future of this country will be assured if, instead of abolishing the capitalist, every citizen becomes a capitalist. But this state of affairs will only arise if the small investor is catered for as carefully as his wealthier neighbour.

CONVERSION

With reference to my remarks on Conversion $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ last week, a correspondent suggests that this loan is an expensive medium for Conversion in view of the provision that while the price remains under 90, 2% of the total issue must be redeemed annually. This is an erroneous view. The Government redeem £50,000,000 worth of debt annually, and the 2% of Conversion $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ comes out of this total. It is not, therefore, necessary for the Chancellor in his Budget to earmark any additional sums for debt redemption as a result of increasing the total issue of Conversion $3\frac{1}{2}\%$. The total amount of Conversion $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ now outstanding is £756,230,869. I select this loan as the pick of the Gilt-Edged market; it offers the best chance of capital appreciation over a course of years.

THE FRANC

The contrast between the financial methods adopted by this country and France is accentuated by comparing the success of our recent conversion scheme with the grave financial position in France. Governments in this country may come and go, but happily the permanent Treasury officials and the Bank of England remain to guide our financial policy. When one sees the financial quagmire in which the French are floundering, and realizes how easily we might have been in the same position, it is clear that we owe a debt of gratitude to those who frame our financial policy. The position in France is no sudden crisis; it has been obvious to every student of international finance for some time that such a situation must arise. We can only hope that it is not too late for steps to be taken to rectify the position. Palliative measures have now been adopted to prevent the franc from depreciating further, but these are purely temporary. Foreign loans may be negotiated, but they can have no lasting effect. The only real solution to the

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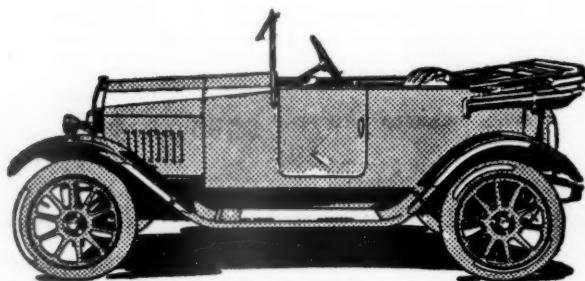
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SUNBEAM

On the Monthéry Track, near Paris, on February 23rd, two new World's Records (subject to official acceptance) and five International Class records were set up on a six-cylinder Sunbeam.

At the Southport Motor Club's Speed Trials on March 21st, with a big entry of representative cars, four firsts and one second were secured on Sunbeams.

At the Essex Motor Club's Hill Climb (Kop Hill) on March 28th, fastest time by any car was made on a Sunbeam.

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problem is decreased expenditure and greatly increased revenue. As to the future of the franc, at one time last year it was valued at 120 to the pound, and it would not surprise me to see it again at that level.

TURKISH UNIFIED

There has been of late increased activity in Turkish Unified, based on rumours emanating from "Angora," that the Turkish Government is willing and anxious to meet its obligations in regard to the pre-war debt. If the rumour is correct, I do not attribute this to any desire on the part of the Turks to tread the path of financial integrity, but look on it rather as a prelude to an attempt to raise a fresh loan. I do not propose to give an opinion about the future movements in Turkish Unified, but however willing the Turks may be to meet these obligations I fail to see where the necessary funds are to come from.

COURTAULDS

I have, on several occasions, referred to and recommended Courtaulds. When they were 80s., I advised shareholders not to sell and prophesied that they might reach £5 this year. I now amend my estimate to £6. The present price is 97s. 6d. Another share, in which I have expressed great confidence, is Imperial Tobacco. Last September when they were 78s., I urged shareholders to increase their holdings. They are now 98s., and I see no reason to advise holders to take their profits.

BABCOCK AND WILCOX

The annual report of Babcock & Wilcox recently issued discloses a satisfactory position. The net profit for 1924 at £760,299, shows an increase of £7,236 over those for 1923. The following table compares the results for the last three years:

	1922.	1923.	1924.
Issued capital ...	£2,427,884	£4,576,712	£4,576,712
Net Profit ...	787,601	753,063	760,299
To reserve ...	200,000	153,750	150,000
Reserve Fund ...	1,700,000	250,000	400,000
Dividend Fund ...	245,000	300,000	350,000
Cash ...	2,479,216	2,619,805	2,132,638
Investments ...	1,958,672	1,973,481	2,023,609
Stocks ...	701,605	840,109	1,070,337
Brought forward ...	71,243	194,126	187,767
Dividends ...	*20%	12%	12%
Carried forward ...	194,123	187,767	197,395

* A Scrip Bonus of 100 % was made in 1922.

These shares are, of their class, a sound industrial investment at the present price of 53s. 9d.

TRADE REVIVAL

All hopes are now centred on the Budget; it is felt that only a drastic reduction in direct taxation can provide a stimulus to trade. The shipbuilding returns for the first quarter of the current year show that the shipping under construction in British yards has fallen from 1,297,000 tons at the end of December to 1,165,000 tons. Contrasted with this, the shipbuilding in Germany has risen in the same period from 355,000 tons to 405,000 tons. The coal output for the week ending March 28 was 5,261,900 tons against 5,257,900 the previous week, and 5,745,300 tons for the corresponding week last year. In reply to a deputation from the Federation of British Industries on the subject of the reduction on merchandise rates, the General Managers of the railway companies, while expressing their full recognition of the difficulties from which industry is suffering at the present time, regretted that the economic position of the railway companies did not permit them to grant any general reduction at the moment.

TAURUS

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F.E.S. in "The Autocar" of March 27th, 1925

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